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BARLEY LOAVES

By A.J.J.

*With Introduction by
The REV. W. CADMAN.*

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BARLEY LOAVES.

BARLEY LOAVES.

BY

A. J. J.

With Introduction

BY THE REV. W. CADMAN, M.A.,

Rector of Holy Trinity, Marylebone; and Prebendary of St. Paul's.

Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.
Keble.



London:

WILLIAM HUNT AND COMPANY,

12, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1877.

147. g. 537

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**TO THE
MEMORY OF MY BELOVED
FATHER AND MOTHER,
THESE
PAGES ARE AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.**

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INTRODUCTION.

THE preparer of the following "Barley Loaves" would be the first to acknowledge that they are unworthy of her Saviour's acceptance; and the last to presume that they will be received by the outer world on the ground of any intrinsic merit. But "she has done what she could," and now hopes that thoughts which have been chiefly sug-

gested in the house of prayer, and which have been useful to some friends to whom her expression of them has been communicated, may be kept in remembrance by the present effort.

It will be seen that she writes in a sweet and devotional spirit of reverence. Without making any pretence to poetic imagination and fervour, her lines for the most part glide smoothly along, contain some happy turns of thought, and are all lighted with the radiance of Gospel truth.

In thus responding to the request of a valued helper, and member of my flock, to say a few passing words by way of Preface

to her little book, I cannot but add in the words of the Psalmist, The Lord prosper you: we wish you much blessing in the name of the Lord.

Wm. CADMAN,

Trinity Rectory, Marylebone.

MARCH, 1877.



Barley Loaves.

ST. JOHN VI. 9.



ONLY five barley loaves,
Two fishes,—nothing more.
What ! Shall I offer to the Lord
Of such a little store ?

Only five barley loaves,—
Not even wheaten bread ;
Through anything that I might give,
Could multitudes be fed ?

I hear the Master ask,
“ How many loaves have ye ? ”
I have but for myself :—the word
Cannot be meant for me.

He owns all heaven and earth ;
 And by His power Divine
 He can supply His creatures' needs,
 Without these loaves of mine.

They surely are too small
 To give unto the Lord ;
 Can He not bring down bread from heaven
 With His Almighty word ?

Ah, faithless heart ! "Tis true
 The Master hath no need
 Of anything that thou canst give,
 The multitudes to feed.

And yet He deigns to ask
 A gift, however small :
 Thou surely wilt not grudge Him aught,
 E'en though it be thine all.

His love will gladly take
 Whate'er thy love doth bring :
 None ever heard the Master say,—
 "It is too small a thing."

And when His hand hath bless'd
The fishes and the bread,—
Not only all the multitude,
But thou, too, shalt be fed.

In giving, thou dost gain
What thou could'st ill afford
To miss, whatever else thou had'st,—
The blessing of thy Lord.

—o—

The Wanderers.

PSALM CIVIL 1-9.

HEY went astray ; and quickly flew the hours,
 For hope was bright, and earth was very fair :
 They would not wander far,—just pull the flowers
 That to their eager gazing seemed so rare.

They wandered farther, and the way grew lonely,—
 The path was dark where once it seemed so bright ;
 Where had been flowers there now were sharp stones
 A solitary wilderness at night. [only,—

And then they felt that e'en their strength had failed
 them :
 Hungry and thirsty, round they cast an eye ;
 But nought that once delighted now availed them,
 And there was nothing there to satisfy.

Then there arose in them a mighty yearning
 Towards their Father's house, so long forgot.
 He saw them, in their trouble, homeward turning :
 He met them, and His love upbraided not.

Gently He led them back to paths appointed,
 With His own hand the falling tear-drop dried ;
 Their drooping heads with oil of joy anointed,
 And with Himself their longings satisfied.

And though the pathway sometimes still looked
 dreary,
 The glad home-coming very far away ;
 Still He was near to lean upon when weary,
 And with His arm to be their strength and stay.

And so, redeemèd by His love and pity,
 They reached at length the everlasting shore,—
 Entered with joy into the golden city,
 And knew they were at home for evermore.

—o—

Antipas: my Faithful Martyr.

REVELATION II. 13.

WHAT cares he that on earth
 All men forgot his name,
 Nor circled round his noble brows
 The laurel wreath of fame ?

What cares he that 'tis not
 Upon earth's martyr page
 With faithful witnesses for Christ,
 Gathered from every age ?

Nought cares he,—for to him
 Such honour hath been given ;
 The Master, for Whose name he died,
 Hath owned his from heaven.

The Church Militant.



MILITANT ! Yes, thus it must be
 While the Church remains below :
 With her sword in hand unshrinking
 She must meet and fight the foe.
 Ever onward, upward pressing,
 Treading every barrier down,
 With her eyes still fondly gazing
 On her promised heavenly crown.

Then, triumphant from the conflict,
 She shall rise, the Lamb's own Bride,
 Evermore to dwell in glory
 At her heavenly Bridegroom's side ;
 Overcome each sore temptation,
 Banished every doubt and fear ;
 With the Lord to reign for ever,
 Through Him more than conqueror.

Workers together with Him.

2 COR. VI. 1.

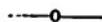
 COME to Thee, O Saviour,
 Unworthy though I be,
Another blessing yet to crave :
 O grant it unto me !

Thou buildest up Thy temple,—
 Wilt Thou not let me bring
One stone to help to raise those walls,
 Which with Thy praise shall ring ?

Thou seekest out Thy flock, Lord,—
 Then wilt Thou not send me
To find at least one little lamb,
 And lead it unto Thee ?

Thou gatherest in Thy harvest,—
Then bid me, too, go forth,
To glean at least one ear of corn
From off the field of earth.

Yes, this indeed is honour,—
Not one more great can be :
A feeble, helpless worm, and yet
A worker, Lord, with Thee.



A Prayer for Missionaries.



LORD, Thou God of all the earth,
 We bow before Thy throne,
 And plead with Thee, in every land
 To make Thy power known.
 Of old Thou workedst wondrous things,
 And Thou art still the same ;
 Then hear and answer, for the sake
 Of Thy most holy Name.

Oh, wherefore should the scoffer say,
 " Where hath His power gone ? "
 Oh, wherefore should the heathen still
 Worship his gods of stone ?
 Oh, wherefore should Thy Church, Lord, shine
 With such a flickering flame ?
 Have mercy on us, for the sake
 Of Thy most holy Name.

Not yet before the Saviour's feet
The willing nations bow,—
Not yet the crown of all the earth
Rests on His conquering brow.
Thy servants have been slothful, Lord,—
They own it, to their shame :
Have mercy on them, for the sake
Of Thy most holy Name.

The fields are whitening all around,
But labourers are few ;
Lord of the harvest, send Thy grace
To quicken us anew :
So shall our cold and deadened hearts
Glow with a holier flame,
And all the glory be, O Lord,
To Thy most holy Name.



Thoughts during a Week-day Service.

PSALM XXXI. 20.

WITHOUT,—the world's distraction,
 Its tumult and its din ;
 The calm of holy stillness,
 The peace of God within.

Without,—the sound of pleasure,
 Of glad feet hurrying by ;
 Within,—the voice of worship
 Ascending ceaselessly.

Without,—the noise of business,
 Of earthly toils and cares ;
 Within,—the lowly waiting :
 “ Speak, for Thy servant hears.”

Lord, may this be my portion :—

Cause Thou my soul to be
Hidden within Thy presence,
As in a sanctuary ;

That, 'mid the earthly duties
Which strew the homeward road,
My longing soul may ever hold
Communion with her God.



Faithfulness.

REV. II. 10.

BE thou faithful. Hearken, Christian,
 'Tis thy Master speaks the word :
 He who dwelleth in the heavens,—
 He, thy Saviour and thy God.

Some have heard it, and in answer
 They have yielded up their breath,—
 They have passed through fiery trial,
 And were faithful unto death.

For His truth their lives were given,
 Joyfully they laid them down ;
 Pressing on through tribulation,
 They have won the martyr's crown.

Now the message to thee reacheth,
 With its words of blessed cheer :
 Learn the lesson which it teacheth,—
 He that hath ears, let him hear.

Thou may'st not be called to suffer
 Trials such as they endured :
 Thou dost think thou shalt be never
 Tempted to deny thy Lord.

Fiery death may not await thee :
 Thou could'st almost wish 't would come.
 There is something to elate thee
 In the thought of martyrdom.

Know'st thou not that little trials,
 And the wearing, anxious care,
 Every day doth bring before thee,
 May be harder yet to bear ?

Harder yet to walk with Jesus
 In the rounds of daily life,
 And to follow Him unswerving
 In the noise of worldly strife ?

For the eye of faith oft droopeth,
And the thoughts seem tethered down :
We neglect our heavenly calling,
We forget our glorious crown.

Earthly mists and fogs surround us :
Scarce we try to lift our gaze
Unto Him, Whose holy brightness
Soon would dissipate each haze.

Even earthly duty binds us,
And our hopes wax cold and dim,
If we look away from Jesus,
Nor do all as unto Him.

Canst thou then say, 'tis not needed
While we draw this mortal breath
That the cry should be repeated,
"Be thou faithful unto death" ?

Soon shall come the end of battle,
Soon farewell to toil and strife ;
And with His own hand the Master
Shall award the Crown of life.

Jesus Only.

ST. MATTHEW XVII. 8.

“ESUS only !” In life’s morning,
 When the heart with hope is bright,
 When the road that onward stretcheth
 Hath no shade to mar its light,—
 He alone can make each joy
 Tenfold, yet without alloy.

“Jesus only !” When the sunbeams
 Of life’s noon beat fierce and hot,
 When the soul, with toil oppressèd,
 Longs for one cool shady spot,—
 He alone can shelter spread
 For the aching, toil-worn head.

“Jesus only !” When the storm-cloud
 Of life’s sorrow hangeth low,
 When the lightning wildly flasheth,
 Thunders roar, and tempests blow,—
 He alone can, through each ill,
 Gently whisper, “Peace : be still !”

“Jesus only!” When the darkness
 Of life’s care o’erhangs the way,
When the soul, perplexed and anxious,
 Fears to move, lest it should stray,—
He alone can give the light,
 Making darkest places bright.

“Jesus only!” When the curtains
 Of life’s eve are drawing round,
When the setting sun is casting
 Lengthened shadows on the ground,—
He alone can conquer dread.
“It is I: be not afraid!”

“Jesus only!” When the dawning
 Of a better day begins,
When this world behind us lieth,
 With its sorrows and its sins,—
Kneeling at His glorious throne,
 We shall gaze on Him alone.

—o—

The Right Way.

PSALM CVII. 7.

HE right way ! O Christian, then why fear to tread it ?

Aside all those doubtings, those anxious thoughts lay :

Thy Father hath chosen,—then why should'st thou dread it ?

He leadeth His children forth by the right way.

The right way ! Thy Saviour hath trod it before thee :—

He hath tasted its trials and cares day by day ;
He knows every fear, every cloud that comes o'er thee ;

And canst thou then doubt that it is the right way ?

The right way ! For God's Holy Spirit shall guide
thee,

And o'er thy dark path He shall cast His bright
ray :

With such a Companion, whatever betide thee,
Thou surely wilt feel that it is the right way.

The right way ! At last it shall lead thee to glory ;
And then with a deep thankful joy thou wilt say,
When from that blest haven reviewing life's story,
" Now know I indeed that it was the right way."

—o—

The Martyrdom of Stephen.

ACTS VII. 59, 60.

OUGH stones were falling round his head,
The air was rent with savage cries ;
But God's own hand had made his bed,
And angels sang his lullabies.

He knelt and prayed for those who cursed,
He gave his soul to Christ to keep,
Then, as one by a mother nursed,
Calmly the martyr "fell asleep."

—o—

o

A Missionary Hymn.

ST. MATTHEW XXVIII. 19, 20.

“ COME o'er : come o'er and help us ! ”
 Hark to the thrilling cry
 That riseth up from millions,
 And reacheth to the sky.

Come, ye who tell of gladness,
 Who speak the words of peace
 That can dispel our sadness
 And bid confusion cease.

We are dying, daily dying,
 And know not where we go ;
 Oh, hearken to our crying,
 And tell us, ye that know.

All is misery around us,
 All is darker yet beyond,—
 Thus the earnest cry ariseth,
 Are there any that respond ?

They are coming, they are coming, bearing each the
 Lamp of Life,
 With the Holy Spirit's armour each is girded for
 the strife :
 He who moved upon the waters now has given the
 willing heart,
 For the work to which He calls them let them
 each be set apart.

Set apart as valiant soldiers, manfully to wield the
 sword,
 And in Satan's darkest strongholds fight the
 battle of their Lord ;
 Ranging many a savage heathen round the standard
 of the cross,
 For the sake of Him who loved them, counting
 earthly things but loss.

Set apart as under-shepherds, ceaselessly with
earnest prayer [their only care ;

For the wandering sheep to labour, making them
Leading them to the Good Shepherd, teaching
them to know His voice,

Till o'er many a ransomed sinner, angels bright
in heaven rejoice.

Set apart for toil and dangers : some in India's
burning heat,

Some in Afric's deadly forests, some in lands of
snow and sleet ;

Some, perchance, for lengthened labours ; others
for an early grave [dancing wave.

In their lonely land of exile far across the

Set apart for lengthened labour, yet that labour not
in vain ;—.

They who sow the seed with weeping, shall with
joy return again,

Bearing precious sheaves in triumph, gathered here
'midst trials sore, [for evermore.

And as stars in yonder heavens they shall shine

Set apart, perchance, to wither when their work is
scarce begun,—

Yet not so, for Christ the Master sees the work
He gave is done :

Labourers who shall come after yet may reap where
they have sowed,

And for them—a longer resting in the bosom of
their God.

Go then, with your Saviour's blessing, sheltered by
His mighty hand,

Go to distant heathen nations,—there obey His
last command ;

And the Lord, your Heavenly Master, as your
Guardian, Guide, and Friend,

He hath said He will be near you,—with you
even to the end.



Leaning on the Beloved.

CANTICLES VIII. 5.

LEANING on the Beloved :
 'Tis this thought makes us strong
 To work, to fight, and e'en in grief
 To raise the thankful song.

It maketh strong to work,
 For He is near to aid ;
 The soul that rests upon the Lord
 Shall never be dismayed.

It maketh strong to fight.—
 We know His mighty arm
 Will help to overcome the foe,
 And shelter us from harm.

It maketh strong to bear.—
We know He too hath borne
For us the cross, the crown of thorns,
The pain and bitter scorn.

Leaning on the Beloved,
We tread the narrow road :
It may be dark,—we fear it not
When stayed upon our God.

We know that at the last
Through Him we shall o'ercome :
He will be with us to the end,
And then will take us home.



Awake, Thou that Sleepest.

EPHESIANS V. 14.



WAKE : awake ! Oh, Christian, who art
sleeping,
No longer idly lie !
Long hath the daylight o'er thy couch been
Thy sun is in the sky. [creeping,

Awake, arise, and spend no more in slumber
Thy precious days on earth !
Use them : thou knowest not how few their number,—
Thou canst not tell their worth.

Awake, thou careless Christian, who art yielding
Thy heart to some dear sin !
Arise : the Spirit's sword thou should'st be wielding,
To chase it from within !

Wake : for a closer watch thou should'st be keeping !

Look at thy risen Sun :—

Thou canst not find excuse for careless sleeping ;

Thy warfare is not done.

Awake, oh formal Christian,—thou who deemest

That all is well with thee,

Because to those around, perchance, thou seemest

A fair and goodly tree.

Unless the love of Christ thy heart constraineth,

Thy lamp is burning dim.

Awake : and, in the time which still remaineth,

Make haste its light to trim !

Awake, oh slothful one,—thou who art doing

Naught for thy gracious Lord !

The seed of truth thou should'st be widely strewing,

Spreading His holy Word.

And if thou may'st not join the active number

Who Jesu's way prepare,

Thou need'st not spend more time in idle slumber :

Canst thou not help by prayer ?

Awake, oh Christian, who dost sleep for sorrow,
 Engaged with thine own cares,—
 With looking for the trials of to-morrow :
 Thy griefs, thy woes, thy fears !

Arise, and cast aside all selfish mourning :
 Hear thou the Master's voice !
 He sends thee unto others, ever learning
 In their joy to rejoice.

Ye are not called in darkness to awaken,
 In shade and gloom of night ;
 Though ye have slumbered, Christ hath not forsaken,
 And He shall give you light,—

Light which to each the choicest gifts ensureth,
 While here on earth they stay :
 Light which from age to age unchanged endureth,
 While others fade away.

Then up ! awake ! arise ! Still onward pressing,
 Until the race is run ;
 And then with rapture hear the words of blessing,—
 “Servant of God, well done !”

Hymn, for Sunday Evening.

ST. MARK VI. 30.



NOTHER Sabbath o'er ! O Lord, again I
come to Thee,—
Before Thy high and lofty throne again I
bend the knee,
To praise Thee for this day of rest, its mercies
ever new,
And to ask forgiveness for the sin which cleaves
to all I do.

Again within Thy sacred courts Thou hast granted
me to stand,
To raise my supplications with Thy little praying
band ;
But, ah, with grief, Lord, I must own how oft I
ask amiss !
In penitence I come to pray for pardon now for this.

Again Thou hast permitted me my feeble voice to
raise,
The wonders of redeeming love and saving grace
to praise ;
Yet while the words were on my tongue my
thoughts too often strayed,—
And while my lips were moving, Lord, my heart
was cold and dead.

Again, O Lord, Thy Word of Life has fallen on my
ear,—
Of Thy great work and death for me Thou gavest
me to hear ;
But thoughts of Thee in my cold heart are all too
slow to stay ;
Like morning cloud and early dew, too soon they
pass away.

Again, Lord, I have heard Thy voice,—“ Go, work
to-day for Me,”
And I have tried to feed Thy lambs,—to lead their
steps to Thee :

The seed I know was scattered with a feeble,
trembling hand,
Yet if Thou bid it live and grow, it will at Thy
command.

And again, Lord, to Thy table Thou hast bidden
me to come,—
Yea, sinful, doubting though I be, for me Thou
findest room ;
Oh, let me feed on Thee by faith, and ever clearer see
The love which led Thee, gracious Lord, to give
Thyself for me !

And now I ask Thee for Thy grace throughout the
coming week :
In all its duties let me hear this Sabbath's echoes
speak ;
And let them lead me nearer to that blessed rest
above,—
The everlasting Sabbath in the land of light and love.

Come Apart, and Rest Awhile.

ST. MARK VI. 31.

OME apart! Come apart from the favoured throng,

Who frequent My House of Prayer ;
For to-day I would speak to thee alone,
And only My voice shalt thou hear.

Come apart ! It may be a desert place
To which I shall lead My child :
No longer thou'l call it a wilderness,
When thy Saviour hath on thee smiled.

Come apart : come apart ! Am not I enough
For the absence of all to atone ?
And think'st thou I ever will let him starve,
Who dependeth on Me alone ?

Rest awhile ! Rest awhile from thy work of love :
Thou would'st willingly labour on ;
But I know thee better than thou canst do,
And I see that thy strength is gone.

Rest awhile ! Rest awhile, e'en from work for Me :
A lesson thou hast to learn :
It is this,—that thy Master's holy will
Must be suffered as well as done.

Thus, working and waiting, toil and rest
Shall last till thy days are o'er ;
And then, where they weary not day nor night,
Thou shalt serve Me for evermore.



A Prayer.

2 TIMOTHY II. 21.

 EET for the Master's use ! O Lord,
 So would I be ;
 Whether it be through joy or grief,
 I leave to Thee :
 Fit me Thyself to do Thy work,
 Then use Thou me.

A Prayer.

PSALM CXLIII. 10.

 HOLEHEARTED service would I yield
 To Him who loveth me :
 From every other thought and aim,
 Lord, keep thy servant free ;
 That daily, hourly I may do
 The thing that pleaseth Thee.

For the End of the Year.

ST. MARK IX. 8.

 **A**NOTHER year has passed away !
 Again our footsteps stand
 Upon the very borders
 Of a dark and unknown land ;
 And yet we will not fear to tread
 Along its mazes dim,
 For "Jesus only" is our Guide :
 We must be safe with Him.

Another year has passed away !
 Alas, we know it bears
 A burden of temptations, sins,
 And unbelieving fears !
 But still with humble, thankful hearts,
 We raise our eyes to heaven,
 For "Jesus only" shed His blood
 That we might be forgiven.

Thus backwards, onwards, as we gaze,
Our eyes are fixed on One
Whose presence brightens all our path,—
Heaven's own eternal Sun ;
Until within yon glorious home
His blessed face we see,
And “Jesus only” be our praise
Throughout eternity.

—o—

Te Deum.

THEARD the anthem loud ascend
 Unto the throne above,
 Bearing the praise of thousands up
 To Him whose name is Love :—
 “ We praise Thee,—we acknowledge Thee
 To be the Lord most High :
 The earth below doth worship Thee,—
 To Thee all angels cry.”
 And as it reached the heavenly height
 With its exultant tone,
 The praises of the Church above
 Sounded in unison :—
 “ Thou art the King of Glory, Christ,
 The Father’s only Son : *
 Thou camest to deliver man.”—
 The anthem still was one.

And then into the song below

A minor note did stray :—

“Have mercy on us, Lord, and keep
Us from all sin this day.”

Not unison, but chorus grand

Met that ascending prayer :—

“Thou hast delivered us from sin :
Thy blood has made us fair.”

And as entranced I listened on,

Louder it rose and fell ;

For ever and anon a voice

Joined that triumphal swell.

And well I know that each who now

The note of prayer doth raise,

Shall join ere long the Church above

And turn it into praise ;

Until the last redeemèd one

Hath reached the golden street,

And not one voice shall fail to make

Heaven's harmony complete.

The River.

 OING down to the river
 In doubt and fear and dread ;
 Shall I go through the flood on foot,
 Or will it roll over my head ?

Going down to the river,—
 The darksome river of death,
 With the storm-cloud hanging over
 And the shifting sands beneath !

Going down to the river !
 The pathway indeed is fair ;
 But I tremble to think its waters
 May meet me at unaware !

Perchance when the sun shines brightest,
 And life looks fair and sweet,
 I may find its surges rolling,—
 Creeping quite close to my feet.

Will those dark waters bear me
Out on the lonely sea ?
Or land me safe at the haven,—
The haven where I would be ?

* * *

Going down to the river
No longer in doubt or fear ;
For a human Voice hath spoken,
And a Help Divine is near !

No longer I fear to venture
On the rushing, swelling tide ;
For its waters are glowing brightly
With light from the other side.

The sunlight of heaven is streaming
E'en now on the further shore,
And I am waiting in patience
Until He shall take me o'er.



In Summer and in Winter.

ZECHARIAH XIV. 8.

WHEN the joyous days of summer
 Fill the earth with light,
 When the sun looks down unclouded
 From its noontide height,
 When the weary seeking water
 Find earth's fountains dry,—
 Living streams are ever flowing
 From the throne on high.

When the icy hand of winter
 Stays each sparkling rill,
 Binds it as in iron fetters,
 Bids its voice be still,—
 Then, untouched by earthly sadness,
 Living fountains flow,
 Whispering of heavenly gladness
 To each child of woe.

To Me to Live is Christ!

PHILIPPIANS I. 21.

 To me to live is Christ !
 Oh, what else could it be ?
 I would devote my life to Him
 Who shed His blood for me.

To me to live is Christ !
 To feel Him ever near,
 Checking each vain, each wandering thought,
 Stilling each slavish fear.

To me to live is Christ !
 I would sit at His feet,
 E'er listening to my Saviour's voice,—
 What other half so sweet !

To me to live is Christ !
Oh, may it ever be
My joy to hear those gracious words,—
“ Go, work to-day for Me ! ”

To me to live is Christ !
And when death draweth nigh,
Resting on Him alone, I'll find
That it is gain to die.



Shadows.

 VENING shades are falling,
 Deepening into gloom ;
 Firelight is flickering
 In the darkening room.

Still are little voices,
 Lately full of glee,—
 Hushed, as in the presence
 Of a mystery.

Hidden little faces,
 Full of vague alarms,
 In the loving shelter
 Of a mother's arms.

Say, what unknown dangers
 Little hearts appal ?
 Nothing,—they are only
 Shadows on the wall.

Foolish little tremblers !
Look, and you shall know
'Tis your mother's shadow
That alarms you so.

Ah, my heart a lesson
Lieth here for thee :
Treasure it for moments
Of adversity !

When across the sunshine
Of thy homeward way
Unknown forms arising
Fill thee with dismay,—

Fear them not, though coming
As a mighty band !
They are but the shadows
Of thy Father's hand.

Though they throng thy pathway,
And its brightness dim,
Meet them,—they will only
Speak to thee of Him.

Even death advancing
Shall not thee alarm ;
Thou wilt find a shadow
Cannot work thee harm.

Then shall come the dawning
Of a brighter day,
And before that sunrise
Shadows flee away.



Black, yet Comely.

CANTICLES I. 5.

 H, sin hath left its dreadful stain
 Upon my soul, and all in vain
 I strive to raise my eyes again ;
 For I am vile !

Surely the Lord will hide His face
 From one who sins against His grace,
 Nor with His children give me place ;
 For I am vile.

A just and Holy God is He,
 Who cannot bear iniquity.
 Oh, say, then,—can He look on me ?
 For I am vile.

Yet I have nowhere else to go,
 So at His feet I lay me low.
 He's just, e'en if He strike the blow ;
 For I am vile.

Poor sinner ! Deep thy guiltiness,
 Yet still thy Lord can love and bless :—
 I clothe thee in My righteousness ; .
 And thou art fair.

The hand of justice fell on Me :
 I bore its weight instead of thee,—
 I paid the debt to set thee free ;
 And thou art fair.

Thou look'st for wrath, but there is none,
 For thou art an accepted one
 In Me, the well-beloved Son ;
 So thou art fair.

And when I come to fetch my own,
 When all My hidden ones are known,
 Before all eyes it shall be shown
 That thou art fair.

The Hiding-place.

ISAIAH XXXII. 2.



HIDING-PLACE ! Oh, well they know their
need

Of such a shelter, who have felt the blast
Of strong temptation, pressing them to yield,
And threatening to uproot them if it last !

A Hiding-place in One who well doth know
The fierceness of temptation's darkest hour,—
One who hath felt as man its hot winds blow ;
One who can shelter from their blasting power.

A Covert from the tempest ! Yes : this, too,
We want, who have to journey through this vale,
Where storm clouds overcast our sky of blue,
Whence oft ariseth tribulation's wail.

A Covert, too, in One who knows our grief,—

In One who, as a Man, hath often wept;

In One whose sympathy ensures relief;

Who ever hath His saints in trial kept.

Rivers of water in a barren place;

For naught of earth can ever satisfy.

On all the symptoms of decay we trace,—

The creature streams must ever fail and dry.

Rivers of water flowing from the throne

Of Him who, as a Man, hath thirsted here,—

Who promiseth to give unto His own

Those living streams, which are as crystal clear.

The Shadow of a rock! Yes: in a land

Of weariness, and toil, and scorching heat,

Well does the little homeward travelling band

Know the deep value of that calm retreat.

A calm retreat in Him who once hath known

What 'tis to be by this world's din oppressed,—

Who calleth now, in love's entreating tone,

"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

WE wait Thy loving kindness
 In Thine own house, O Lord :
 Do Thou be gracious to us,
 According to Thy word.
 In humble supplication,
 Before Thy throne we bow :
 Oh, send down showers of blessing
 Upon us, even now !

Too long our souls have slumbered :—
 Now let us hear Thy voice,—
 Bid sleeping ones awaken,
 Bid mourning ones rejoice.
 Fulfil Thy holy promise,
 And send us from above,
 In overflowing measure,
 The gracious heavenly Dove.

Endue us with Thy Spirit,
And give us tongues of flame,
Till every life shall publish
Thine own beloved name.
Fulfil us with Thy presence,
That so we all may be,
At Thine all-glorious coming,
A people meet for Thee.



The Shadow of His Wings.

ST. MATTHEW XXIII. 37.

 SAY, hast thou seen the mother hen,
 When her far-seeing eye
 Hath spied the soaring hawk above,—
 That speck in yonder sky ?
 Hast heard her call her chickens round,
 Until each tiny thing
 Has found a shelter from all harm
 Beneath her spreading wing ?

Then thou hast seen a sight so fair,
 That He who reigns above
 Made it an image of His care,—
 A picture of His love.
 “Jerusalem, Jerusalem :
 If thou hadst come to Me,
 As a hen her chickens doth protect
 Would I have gathered thee !”

Lord, we would come, and not refuse
A Shelter so secure,—
A Hiding-place from every storm,
And from the tempter's power.
Thy hand is strong to succour us,
Thine arm salvation brings ;
Well may we trust ourselves beneath
The shadow of Thy wings.



Advent Sunday.

NOISELESSLY glideth
 The night-time by,
 Gradually paleth
 The midnight sky.

Hour by hour
 Is passing on :
 The day is at hand,—
 The night near gone.

Darkness is fleeing,
 The sun will rise :
 Already it flusheth
 The eastern skies.

'Tis time to awaken,
 And cast away
 The works of darkness
 For those of day.

Heavenly armour
Becometh those
Who have to battle
With subtle foes.

Soon will the conflict
Be overpast,—
The day long looked for
Will dawn at last.

Then, oh, how welcome
The words will be !—
“Inherit the kingdom
Of light with Me.”



Simon the Cyrenian.

ST. LUKE XXIII. 26.

HERE is one man in Scripture,—
I only know his name,
And that unto Jerusalem
One solemn day he came,
And met there what hath given him
A never-dying fame.

I wonder much if he knew aught,
When he left his home that day,
Of the sad and dark procession
He should meet upon his way :
Perchance he would have turned aside,
Impatient of delay.

Yet I like to think that gladly
 That heavy load he bore,
 For His dear sake Whose weary frame
 Was toiling on before,
 With wounded head and failing limbs
 And heart with anguish sore.

For, oh, what mighty honour
 Was to that man decreed,
 With loving heart and hand to help
 The Saviour in His need !
 Methinks e'en the angelic host
 Could envy him the deed.

Yet still the same work waiteth ;
 For still the need is here
 To sympathise with those that mourn,
 To wipe the falling tear,—
 To whisper to the failing heart,
 “ Faint not : be of good cheer ! ”

Yes : even now, my Saviour,
Thy form I oft may see :
Daily I would take up the cross
And bear it after Thee ;
Content at last to hear the words,--
“ Ye did it unto Me.”



This is not Your Rest.



WAY, away !
 Thou mayest not linger here ;
 Earth would become too dear,
 Too dim would grow faith's eye,
 When gazing up on high.
 Christian, thou mayest not stay,—
 Away, away !

Up, up : arise !
 Sweet hath the converse been,
 Upon the things unseen ;
 But now thy Lord would be
 The All in All to thee.
 Sit loose to earthly ties,—
 Up, up : arise !

On, Christian, on !
Soon wilt thou reach the shore
Where trials all are o'er,—
Where parted friends shall meet
Before their Saviour's feet,
Life's toils and conflicts done.

On, Christian, on !



“For Christ.”

2 CORINTHIANS V. 20.

“OR Christ” we gird afresh our heavenly armour,

And grasp with firmer hand our sword and shield;

Resolving in His strength to fight and conquer,
Nor till He call us home to quit the field.

“For Christ” we lay aside each earthly burden,
And run with patience on the heavenly race,
With eager, longing footsteps, hastening forward
Unto the time when we shall see His face.

“For Christ” we spread abroad the glorious message,
Which telleth of the love which brought Him down:

One blessed hope our inmost souls possessing,—
To win a jewel for the Saviour’s crown.

"For Christ" we strive, with loving hands, to lighten
The load of this world's woe and misery :
E'en now, by faith, the echo faintly catching
Of those blest words, "Ye did it unto Me."

" For Christ " we thankfully accept each blessing
He sends to cheer us through " the little while ; "
In humble gratitude our hearts upraising,
To meet the sunshine of His loving smile.

For His dear sake we take the cup of sorrow,
E'en though the bitter draught o'erflow the brim :
The hand of love hath meted out the portion,—
We only drink in fellowship with Him.

Thus shall we learn on earth, whate'er befall us,
To sing, although with faltering tongue, the strain
Hereafter to be sung in mighty chorus,—
" All worthy is the Lamb that once was slain."

Mountains and all Hills, Praise the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. 9.

HOARY giants of the ages,
 'Gainst which elements have warred,—
 Weather beaten, tempest riven,
 Lightning seared, and seamed, and scarred ;
 Rearing still your mighty foreheads
 All undaunted to the skies :
 Changeless 'mid a thousand changes,
 Watchers over centuries.

Oh, if only ye had language,
 Voices such as we could hear,
 Strange the stories ye might tell us,
 Tales of woe, and dread, and fear !
 Hidden in your deep recesses,
 Deeds of darkness have been done ;
 Underneath your mighty shadows
 Kingdoms have been lost and won.

Yet ye are not always silent,
 For ye sing a nobler strain ;
 In creation's chorus joining,
 Sounding out the grand refrain.
 With your echoing steeps and hollows
 Ye the harmony prolong,
 Adding your own note of triumph,
 This the burden of your song :—
 “Ere we rose a mighty structure
 At our great Creator's word,
 He was God from everlasting,
 And to everlasting God.
 By His power He hath formed us,
 And His strength hath set us fast :
 Man's best works decay and vanish,
 We throughout the ages last.”
 Sing on, then, in mighty chorus,
 Till shall come the awful day
 When before His glorious presence
 Heaven and earth shall flee away.
 Still we will not fear nor tremble,
 Though the mountains should remove ;
 For the Lord of hosts is with us,
 And the God of power is Love.

Confidence.

HEBREWS X. 35.

 CAST not away your confidence,
 Though coming days seem dark,—
 Though storm and peril seem to rise
 Around God's holy ark.

Cast not away your confidence,
 Though wave on wave arise :
 Your anchor is within the veil,
 Your home beyond the skies.

Cast not away your confidence,
 Nor fear temptation's shock ;
 For naught can harm the soul that clings
 In faith to Christ, its Rock.

Cast not away your confidence :
How great is its reward,—
A Father's smile while here below,
Then, ever with the Lord.

Cast not away your confidence,
Raise high your joyful song ;
He that shall come will soon be here,—
He will not tarry long.



Thy Will be Done.

ST. MATTHEW XXVI. 42

UST four short words,—so easy
For a little child to say,
With joys and sorrows bounded
Just by the passing day.

But, oh, so hard to utter
In the weary after years,—
So oft sobbed forth in anguish,
Or choked with bitter tears !

And yet our Father heareth :
They sound as sweet to Him
As song of blessed angel,—
As chant of seraphim ;

For still there ringeth through them
The echoes of a tone,
By a pale Sufferer uttered
In agonies unknown ;

When in the olive garden
On the cold earth He lay,
And took the cup of suffering
Which might not pass away.

Thus learnèd He obedience,
E'en though He were a Son :
His quivering lips have uttered,
“ Father, Thy will be done.”

Lord Jesus, Thou who spakest
Those words in agony,
Help us, when hearts are breaking,
To say them after Thee.



White Garments.

ECCLESIASTES IX. 8.

LET thy garments be always white !
 Thou dost live in a world of sin,
 And only with care the children of light
 Can keep their raiment clean.

Let thy garments be always white !
 Pride would clothe thee in gorgeous hues ;
 But with lowly mind thou must walk with God,
 And earthly pomp refuse.

Let thy garments be always white !
 Chase unholly thoughts away ;
 'Tis the pure in heart shall see their God
 In everlasting day.

Let thy garments be always white !

Then daily, hourly go
To the cleansing fountain of Jesu's blood,
To wash them white as snow.

Let thy thoughts ever travel on
To the land of love and light,
Where the blessed ones who surround the throne
Are clad in robes of white.

Let thine ear ever catch the sound
Of those words so full and free :—
“ All they who on earth keep their garment pure
Shall walk in white with Me.”



THE SEVEN SENTENCES SPOKEN BY OUR
LORD UPON THE CROSS.

“**F**ather, forgive !”

ST. LUKE XXIII. 34.

“**F**AITHER, forgive ! They know not what they do.”

Thus lovingly the dying Son of God,
E'en then when first the stream began to flow,
Pleaded the merits of His precious blood.

And now that He has passed within the veil,—
The great High Priest into the holy place ;
Still with that blood He pleads the sinners' cause,
For them He still entreats the Father's face.

Then fear not, weary sin-sick souls, but come,
Here at the cross your heavy burdens leave ;
And catch, while gazing on those flowing wounds,
The echo of the words, “Father, forgive !”

“To-day shalt Thou be with Me in
Paradise.”

ST. LUKE XXIII. 43.

“O-DAY thou shalt be with Me
In Paradise.” Oh words
More full of blessed comfort
Than aught of earth affords !
Fear not, poor trembling sinner,
Thou pray’st, “Remember me ;”
To thee these words are spoken,
Their comfort is for thee.

But who is it that speaketh,—
Oh, say, who dare and can
Utter such words of power ?
It is a dying Man !

There hangs He : suffering, bleeding,
In nature's agony,
Yet like a king's His promise.
Oh, say, who can it be ?

Ah well we know the Sufferer,—
Jesus, the Son of God ;
He opens heaven's kingdom
By that, His precious blood !
Our fear of death is conquered,
For He doth keep the key :
We still can hear the promise,—
“Thou, too, shalt be with Me.”

—○—

**"Woman, Behold thy Son ! Son,
Behold thy Mother!"**

ST. JOHN XIX. 26, 27.

"**W**OMAN, behold thy son !"
The dying Saviour said,
As from the cross of agony
He bowed His thorn-crowned head.—
"Behold thy mother !" Yes,
They heard His voice again :
They patiently had waited there,
Nor did they wait in vain.
Go thou, my soul, and take
Thy station at the cross ;
For it all worldly things forsake,
And count thy gain but loss :
There patiently abide,
Until thou too shalt see
His eye of grace and pity bent
In loving care on thee.

**"My God, my God, Why hast Thou
Forsaken Me?"**

ST. MATTHEW XXVII. 46.

HREE hours the land in darkness lay,
Like blackest gloom of night ;
The sun had turned his face away
From the too dreadful sight.

Three hours the sins of all the world
Had pressed their heavy load
On Him who hung upon the tree,—
The holy Son of God.

Three hours He fought with hellish foes,
Who strove with all their power
To make Him feel their fiercest blows
In that His weakest hour.

Three hours of silence ! then a cry
 Broke forth in agony :—
 “My God, my God,” it said, “O why
 Hast Thou forsaken Me ?”

Not now as from a Father’s love
 Is needful aid implored ;
 But faith still clings, despite repulse,
 And cries, “ My God, my God ! ”

Hast thou no answer, oh, my soul,
 Unto that question drear ?
 Was not thy guilt upon His head ?
 Did not it nail Him there ?

Did not the Father turn away
 From Him, instead of thee ;
 That thou, the truly guilty one,
 Should’st ne’er forsaken be ?

Well may’st thou melt in tenderness
 Before thy dying Lord,
 And yield thyself unto the love
 Of Him, thy Saviour God.

“I Thirst!”

ST JOHN XIX. 28.

“ THIRST !” The anguish of His soul was over,
 The bitterness of death for Him was past ;
 But still the weary body hung in torture,
 And nature craved refreshing at the last.

No friendly hand was there His lips to moisten :
 They were His murderers He asked for aid.
 O wondrous grace ! O blessed condescension !
 O depth of love, that could not be dismayed !

“I thirst !” There was in it a note of triumph,
 That mingled with the pleading of the tone ;
 But this one thing remained to be accomplished,
 And then the final victory be won.

Oh go in faith, and visit Calvary’s mountain,—
 There gaze on Him who death’s thirst for thee bore,
 That He might lead thee to the living fountain
 Of which His saints shall drink and thirst no more.

“Finished !” *

ST. JOHN XIX. 30.

“**F**INISHED !” Note of triumph sounding
 From the cross on Calvary,
 And from age to age still telling
 Of God’s mercy full and free.

“Finished” all that types foreshadowed,
 All that prophecies foretold :
 He hath been despised, rejected,
 Mocked, and buffeted, and sold.

“Finished” now the great atonement,
 Open now the way to God ;
 Boldness have we now to enter
 E’en the holiest, by His blood.

“Finished !” Word of love and blessing :
 Lord, we in that word believe ;
 And, all other ways forsaking,
 Look to Thee alone and live.

* In the original, “It is finished !” is expressed by one word.

**"Father, into Thy Hands I Command
My Spirit!"**

ST. LUKE XXIII. 46.

"**F**AITHER, into Thy hands
My spirit I command."

Thus cried, in faith and confidence,
Jesus, the sinners' Friend.

Yes : He, the Lord of life,
Must yield it up and die,
That He may take death's sting away,
And gain the victory.

He yields it up Himself ;
To take it none had power :
With His own will He breathed it forth
In that most solemn hour.

This was His Father's will :
He had received command ;
And now He gave His spirit up
Into that Father's hand.

Lord Jesus, Thou canst feel,
For Thou hast tasted death,
For all Thy servants' wants and cares
When they resign their breath.

Be near us when we pass
Through death's dark shadowy vale ;
Be Thou our portion still, O Lord,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

And when the moment comes
That we this world must leave,
Into Thine arms of love and peace
Our spirits, Lord, receive.



The Love of Christ.



LOVE that passeth knowledge ! Far beyond
 All human love, however deep and true ;
 More tender than a mother's for her babe,
 More pitying than a father's for his child,
 More fervent than a bridegroom's for his spouse !
 Who can attempt to measure it, or tell
 Its breadth,—o'ershadowing this lower world
 As clouds of blessing a long parchèd field ;
 Its length,—eternity alone its bounds,
 In ages past or ages yet to come ;
 Its depth,—still lower than our lowest falls,
 A sea of love to cover every sin ;
 Its height,—far, far beyond the furthest point
 That even angel-pinioned thought can reach !
 A love unchanging and unchangeable,
 Unquenched by all the sin of fallen men,
 Unmoved by thought of agony or shame,
 Unswerving from the path itself marked out,—
 A path of sorrow, leading unto death ;
 Stronger than death, and mightier than the grave.

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